ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

STROTHER BROS.

BEFORE ASKING PAPA.

Sighed the slim to the belle: "Aw, miss, can you tell
Why I'm like that apple you plucked from the tree?"
"Because it," she coughed, "is remarkably soft?"
"Aw, no: it needs paring by you," stammered he.

"Re-pairing, you mean, though because it is green,
And rather insipid, might answer," laughed she.
"And not fully grown." Said the dude, with a groan:
"Aw, were I that apple, perhaps you'd halve me."

"And quarter you, too. Oh, for 'sauce' you will do,"
Spake the miss; "but, now tell me why you're like the tree?"
"Because—I've a heart," blushed the slim, growing smart.
"Because—trees are sappy and crooked," said she.

"Aw, you're," smiled the dude, "like the tree, for you're woo'd."
"You'd better say 'bored,'" said the miss, "as I'm now;
But trees, you perceive, make a bough when they leave,
"So you, to be like them, may leave with a bow."

—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

HOW AUNT CATHERINE BECAME THANKFUL.

"You need not try to hide those papers, Bessie: I know what they are," said Walter Allison, with a sad, little smile, as he watched the motions of his wife.

Mrs. Allison had just taken the bills, for bills they were, from the post-carrier at the door; and as she stood before the bureau-mirror, fastening her hat, she had endeavored to slip the ugly, yellow envelopes out of her sick husband's sight.

"Yes," sighed Mr. Allison again, "I know very well what they are—but how they are to be paid, or when, I don't know, I am sure," and he clasped his thin white hands over his eyes with a low moan. His wife was at his side in a moment.

"Don't be disheartened, dear," she said, cheerily. "You are getting well so fast now, and after awhile I know we shall get out of these difficulties. Why," she added, playfully, "I am going to collect a bill of my own this morning, to the value of twenty dollars. You ought not to have looked about so curiously, and then you would not have known of these unwelcome visitors."

"Until you had found some way of bowing them out, eh?" said Walter, smoothing the fair head bent over his chair. "And I know full well your expected twenty dollars is all spent, wifey. You are a brave little woman, Bessie, but I can not see how we shall stem this tide much longer. I have a half notion of writing to sister Catherine. I dislike to do it, but there seems just now no other way."

"Wait until after Thanksgiving," said Bessie.

"Thanksgiving! It is near at hand, is it not? What with debts and duns, I fancy we shall not feel particularly joyous or grateful," said Walter Allison, bitterly.

"I am thankful, Walter, dear, that you are so far recovered, and, above all, that you were spared to me." And here Bessie's voice faltered, and she hid her face on her husband's shoulder, and both were silent as they remembered the empty crib in the next room, and the little grave whither the baby boy had been laid to rest only a few months ago.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Allison, rousing herself, "we will be thankful we have each other, and precious Ethel. And when I am tempted to despond, I say over and over to myself: 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread,' and then I am thankful for the memory of pious parents and ancestors. And now I must go and see Mrs. Wilton about my work."

"That seems like begging bread to me, or very near it."

"Mrs. Wilton don't think so, I can tell you," said Bessie, brightly. "I get very good prices for my work, and you are not to underrate me, I can tell you, sir."

Walter Allison looked at the bright, brave face, the trim, energetic but graceful figure before him, and sighed again, but Bessie pretended not to hear. She stirred the fire into a blaze, arranged the books and papers on a little stand within her husband's reach, shook up the lounge cushions, and made the rather bare room look as cozy and comfortable as possible; and with a kiss to little Ethel, and an injunction to "take good care of papa," Bessie went out into the wintry air.

She was a brave woman, as her husband had said; but, in spite of her cheeriness, there was a heavy weight on her heart this November morning. By some of those sudden turns of business so often occurring in our cities, Walter Allison had been thrown out of employment. Then came the illness and death of the baby, quickly followed by the long tedious fever which had brought the husband and father almost to the verge of the grave, and though now convalescent he was still weak and helpless. Under the constant drain their slender means had become painfully less, necessaries were sadly needed, and debts were calling loudly for payment.

As soon as her husband needed less of her constant care, Bessie Allison had courageously tried to assume the place of "bread-winner." She and her husband had both relatives of wealth and position, but the poor and struggling easily fall out of notice; and the Allisons had a full measure of pride, and called on none for assistance. Bessie considered herself fortunate to obtain sewing and fancy-work from several ladies, and, as she said, her work received good prices. But there was so much needed, though she trimmed her little household strictly to the needful; and so many bills caused by that long illness, that, strive bravely as she would, a weary look had crept into her soft brown eyes, and lines of care were gathering round the sweet mouth, that yet had always hopeful words for the invalid.

"I must pay one of those bills," said Bessie, as she passed along the busy street. "I think Mr. Morris will wait awhile, but I am not so sure of White & Co. Twelve dollars out of my twenty go to the grocers; they have waited so long on us. I shall have to see what I can get on my watch."

She pressed her hand upon it as she thought of the wedding-day when Walter gave it to her. The post-office had to be passed ere the pawnbroker's shop was reached. Almost mechanically she stepped in and inquired for letters. One was handed her. Bessie almost shrank from the sight of the blue business-looking envelope. Oh, surely it was not another dun! It was addressed to "Walter R. Allison."

"But I will open it. He must not be so troubled again to-day," said the true wife, as her trembling fingers slowly tore aside the envelope.

Was she mistaken? Surely it was a check on —— Bank, and for three hundred dollars. Three hundred dollars! How it would lighten their burdens, how it already lightened the poor little wife's heart! Bessie wondered how she transacted her business with Mrs. Wilton: how she could listen and answer intelligibly as to box-plaiting and tailor-finish, or decide between the merits of plush bands or satin pipings, when she was so eager to rush home and tell Walter of the good news. And once or twice she was obliged to look again at the check to convince herself it was not "fairy gold." But before she had reached their door she was calm enough to enter quietly as usual. She went up to Walter's chair, kissed him, and put the envelope in his hands. He opened it, looked at the check, then at his wife, and said:

"You are right, my Bessie. 'Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' I feel as if this must be for Ethel and you; I do not deserve it."

"From sister Catherine, too," he added, pointing to the postmark which Bessie, in her excitement, had not noticed.

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Such a warm, cozy room as it was! The autumn sunshine came in through the east and south windows, dancing over the soft, gay carpet, as if to test its brightness with the glowing flame in the great old-fashioned Franklin stove. Perhaps the chairs and tables stood a trifle primly in their places, but not a speck or spot was to be found on their polished surfaces; and you might have turned every picture on the wall, and searched in every corner, but neither dust nor cobweb would have met your inquisitive eye. A pleasant, sunny room was Mrs. Catherine Allison's sitting-room. But that small, old lady, who lay on the sofa in the warmest corner of the room, had little of sunshine about her. A fretful experience shone in her sharp, dark eyes, and the lines about her thin lips were not pleasant. The other lady, also elderly, who sat opposite Mrs. Allison, seemed more in keeping with the surroundings. Peace was written all over the fair, placid face, in the kindly eyes, the firm, sweet mouth, the faded, wrinkled hands, now knitting with the unhurried grace which belongs only to the aged. Mrs. Eunice Foster seemed an impersonation of the calm autumn day without.

"It's three weeks to Thanksgiving," she said as she counted the stitches on her seam needle.

Mrs. Foster made this brief remark in a half apologetic tone, as if she rather expected to be contradicted, or called to account in some way for her statement: for Mrs. Allison was in the habit of differing from other people at first, whether she was of their opinion or not. But at present she was too much occupied with her own grievances to dissent as she usually did.

"Well, I must say I don't feel specially thankful," said Mrs. Allison, drawing the affghan over her knees. "I've just had one trouble after another all this year. There was that cheating tenant on the upper place: and then me laid flat o' my back in the very hottest of the summer; and what with the drought and poor season the crops are a failure. Now, here I am with a sprained ankle, and nobody knows when I can put foot to the ground—if I ever can—and all my business, and the whole place, going to rack for need of some one to look after things." And Mrs. Allison drew a long sigh of self-pity, and wiped her eyes upon a very fine linen-cambric handkerchief.

Mrs. Foster glanced around the bright room, so full of comforts, even luxuries; then out upon the trim, well-kept grounds, and beyond to the wide fields where the stacked corn was standing in long rows. She thought of the stores of untouched provisions in the great, neat house, and how easy it was for the thin, withered hands near her to trace a few words upon paper which would turn that paper into money value. She thought how a little spared from Mrs. Allison's abundance would bring pleasure and thankfulness into less favored homes; she thought how her friend had it in her power to uplift some bowed with toil, to add comfort to some sick chamber, and sparse larder, and thinking thus, Mrs. Foster sighed, too.

"And what are you sighing for, Eunice?" said Mrs. Allison, sharply. "If I am not thankful, I'll own to it; and you need not sit there looking like a funeral."

"Was I looking gloomy?" said Mrs. Foster, with a little laugh, for she understood Mrs. Allison's moods too well to be offended at her plainess of speech. "I'm sorry you have so much trouble, Catherine, but things will mend after awhile."

"It is to be hoped they will. But my foot and ankle don't seem to improve at all, and I am almost sure I'm going to have a spell of rheumatism, my back and shoulders are so stiff. I hardly closed my eyes last night."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Foster, sympathetically. "Now did you ever try turpentine liniment? Just the yelk of an egg well beaten, two wine-glassfuls of turpentine, and a wine-glass of strong cider vinegar; when they're well mixed, three wine glassfuls of water stirred in a little at time. It's just a splendid liniment. Father thinks there's nothing like it. It's too bad about your ankle, but as I was telling father, it's a mercy you didn't break your leg."

"Humph!" was Mrs. Allison's sole and ungracious rejoinder.

"Yes, we all have our troubles," continued Mrs. Foster, wiping first one and then the other of her glasses, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. "Some of us have one kind, and some another; but the Lord generally deals out to us just the kind He sees fit for us. For a good many years He saw best to give me poor health, but then a woman never had a kinder, more attentive husband than I had to care for me, and the children, too. I worried a good deal about them, but they got along about as well as if I had been around. Now the Lord's given you a few troubles—"

"A few!" groaned Mrs. Allison.

"Well, He's given you a sprained ankle, but He's given you a rep-covered sofa to lie on. You want to be around, and looking after things, to be sure; but think how much better off you are than poor Mrs. Vaughn, lying where she knows she'll never get up, and all her poor little children needing a mother so sadly. The Lord sent the drought on your land, too, but all your crops are not spoiled, like Mr. Wheeler's, by that dreadful hail-storm; and then his house burnt to the ground. Ah, Catherine, your back may ache, but the Lord has given you very soft pillows to rest on; some folks haven't even straw."

"Oh, yes, Eunice," said Mrs. Allison, moving uneasily. "You always see the best side of everything. It is very easy for you to talk, but you don't know the half of the care I have. You know Mr. Allison's affairs had all to be straightened out by me (this a little triumphantly, for Mrs. Allison knew she was a good business woman), and I have to look after everything, no one seems to manage properly. This is a world of trouble."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Foster, "but you know we 'desire a better country, that is a Heavenly.' If we only reach that world, these troubles will seem very small. But, Catherine, I'll tell you a good thing to do, if you don't feel specially thankful yourself—but I know you will after you think quietly awhile—see if you can not make somebody else thankful. Try it, and see if you don't grow thankful yourself. Now I must be going, or father'll think I'm going to stay all night. But will you try the liniment? I'll make some, and send it over the first thing in the morning."

"If you please," was Mrs. Allison's reply, in a strangely softened voice. And good Mrs. Foster, having endeavored to give medicine to soul and body, bade her friend a blythe good evening and departed.

"I wonder if I spoke too plain," she said, as an hour or two later she talked over the afternoon's visit with "father."

"Not a bit, not a bit," said Mr. Foster, heartily. "Folks can generally take your plain talk better'n most people's soft talk; and Catherine Allison ought to hear plain talking once in awhile. She's plain enough herself, I'll be bound."

Whether Mrs. Foster was too plain or not, Mrs. Allison could not forget her words; and when the old lady was finally helped to her room, and to bed, she could not sleep, but began to think over her old friend's suggestion, that she "make somebody else thankful." And Catherine Allison was a Christian, albeit she confessed herself an unthankful one. She was a Bible-reader, and Bible words intermingled with Mrs. Foster's. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

"I have not sufficiently considered the poor, therefore perhaps the Lord has withheld His strength from me. 'Make some one else thankful!'—where shall I begin?"

To be sure there was her poor neighbor, Mrs. Vaughn, wasting away with an incurable disease, and her poverty did not admit of procuring delicacies which might tempt the fitful appetite. Mrs. Allison bethought her of the many jelly glasses and the canned fruits in her closets, and mentally set apart a portion for the invalid. There, too, was the Wheeler family, who had lost their home by fire, and who were now receiving the half-welcome shelter of a brother's already overcrowded house. The tenant house on her own upper place was empty; why should she not offer it rent free to honest John Wheeler for the winter?

"And Walter—my poor Walter!" And now tears, not entirely for herself, came into Mrs. Allison's sleepless eyes. If any one ever crept into the tenderest corner of Catherine Allison's heart it was her young brother Walter. She had married a cousin, and had not changed her maiden name; indeed, she delighted to say she had "always been an Allison." Walter, many years younger than herself, had been left to her care by their dying mother, and Catherine had given the boy all a mother's care, if she could not give motherly tenderness. He never knew how dear he was to his fault-finding sister, and when come to man's estate he could no longer endure the incessant contradiction and fault-finding of her home, so he sought another home and employment in a city. Then he added to his offense by taking to himself a wife without confiding in the least in his sister. For awhile he and his young wife endeavored to keep up the family intercourse by letters, but Mrs. Allison grew cooler and cooler, and at last all communication ceased between them. But no one knew how Mrs. Allison's heart yearned after Walter, and to-night it ached for "her boy."

She had heard some way that he was in straitened circumstances, that sickness had entered his home. Was it the eldest or youngest child that had died? Some one had said Walter himself had been sick—what he might have expected going to live in a city—and his wife had been doing sewing for people. It was a good thing she knew how; but—but—she was an Allison. They must be helped some way. And the next morning Mrs. Allison found a way, as the reader has already been told. And by the time Thanksgiving came it was surprising how many ways she found in which to make others thankful.

When Thanksgiving came bright and clear she was amazed to see her sitting-room door open, and in came Walter and Bessie and Ethel, and Walter's arms were about her, and Bessie's kisses on her cheek.

"We thought we must come to tell you how you had helped us, how thankful you have made us," said Bessie. "And oh, it was so kind of you, dear sister Catherine."

Before they had fairly got their wrappings off, Mrs. Foster came in, her kind face beaming with joy.

"And oh, Catherine," she said, after warmly greeting Walter and his wife, "I wish you could see how comfortable the Wheelers are in the house you let them have, and Mrs. Vaughn says that last jelly helped her to sit up nearly all day."

"I'm sure I am thankful I could help them both," said Mrs. Allison, but her lips trembled.

Then Mrs. Foster laughed such a clear ringing laugh that little Ethel had to join in, too.

"So you are going to have a Thanksgiving, after all? I told you, you remember, it would pay you to make some one else thankful."

"Yes, you did, Eunice, and I'm thankful to you, too."

"And," said Bessie Allison, softly, "we will all thank God for this dear Thanksgiving-Day."—*Lucy Randolph Fleming, in Chicago Interior.*

About Weddings.

Wedding invitations are engraved on note paper, and do not contain the card of the groom. Where there is only one daughter in the family the Christian name of the bride is omitted; otherwise her name, like that of the groom, is given in full. If the reception is to follow the ceremony, a smaller card, stating that the parents will be "at home" at an hour designated, goes with the invitation.

The wedding dress, if the lady is tall, is of heavy stamped or embossed velvet or brocade, but, as these do not look so well on small figures, petite may wear satin or even less heavy material. It is perfectly proper to trim the most elaborate dress in imitation lace, and plenty of it. "The Princess shape," says our authority, "seems to be yielding to the basque and pointed front, the back very boufant, and the sleeves universally gathered in at the top—a terrible foreboding of the mutton-leg sleeve of our grandmothers, which is a fashion now about due." These dresses open in front and show a petticoat of satin, or at least satin trimmed. The bridal flowers are no longer orange blossoms, but white roses, lilacs, daisies and snow drops. The veil, if one is worn, must be of real lace and pinned with a diamond. The gems are the diamond and pearl, as of yore; but fashion sanctions a brilliant ruby as a substitute for the latter. A ruby and a diamond, set at an angle, are the correct thing for an engagement ring. The train must be long, the white gloves ditto, with the ring finger cut so that the ring can be removed without drawing off the glove.

The bridesmaids should be dressed alike, but not in white. Pale pink is better "form." The groom may dress pretty much as he pleases, but the strictly correct style is a black Prince Albert frock coat, gray or pearl trousers, dark plain waistcoat cut rather high, a high collar to a plain linen shirt and a colored cravat with a plain scarf-pin, a black stovepipe hat and a pair of gray gloves are to be carried in the hands. No gentleman, from the groom to the usher, is to wear his gloves.

The marriage bell has gone out. In its stead is a Japanese umbrella of flowers, in deference to a Japanese superstition that the umbrella keeps off not only rain, but the hail-stones and evil spirits; everything, in fact, but poverty and its attendant evils. The wedding presents are not to be exhibited, though there is no interdiction to their being sent.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Young Lady's Idea of Marriage.

So she was going to be married; to be mistress of a house, settle in London; be able to go out in the streets all alone, to shop or visit; have a gentleman all her own, whom she could put her finger on any moment, and make him take her about, even to the opera and the theater; to give dinner parties her own self, and even a little ball once in awhile; to buy whatever dresses she thought proper, instead of being crippled by an allowance; have the legal right of speaking first in society, instead of sitting mumchance and mock modest; to be mistress instead of Miss—contemptible title; to be a woman instead of a girl; and all this rational liberty, domestic power and social dignity were to be obtained by merely wedding a dear fellow who loved her and was so nice; and the bright career to be ushered in with several delights, each of them dear to a girl's very soul; presents from all her friends; as many beautiful new dresses as if one was changing her body or her hemisphere instead of her name; eclat; going to church, which is a good English girl's theater of display and temple of vanity, and there tasting delightful publicity and whispered admiration in a heavenly long veil which she could not wear even once if she remained single. This bright and variegated picture of holy wedlock, as revealed to young ladies by feminine tradition, though not enumerated in the Book of Common Prayer, so entranced her that time flew by unheeded.—*Charles Reade.*

Save the Old Paper.

Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it, use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. For instance, a volume written by a lady says: "After a stove has been blackened it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffee-pot and tea-pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons: they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp-chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing-paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—The Washington Monument will be finished in December, 1884. Thus far it has cost $940,000.—*Washington Star.*

Confessions of Defeat.

The New York *Tribune*, which can not be accused of any lukewarmness to the Republican pariy, and whose political knowledge and editorial judgment is in no sense behind that of other papers of its party, gravely declares that the Electoral Votes of the Southern States are certain to be cast for the Democratic nominee. It does not arrive at this fact by roundabout reasoning, but concludes that such will be the fact from the force of current events. It knows why the South is Democratic, and is wise enough to see that there is nothing in the recent history of the Republican party which is likely to produce a change. For this faithful assertion of a self-evident truth that paper is now being roundly denounced as conceding the election of a Democratic President. The *Republican*, of this city, worried at the announcement of such a truth, denies the conclusions at which the *Tribune* has arrived, and tries to break the force of the statement by declaring that the South is not solid for Democratic restoration, and supports *its* assertions by instancing the Readjuster triumph in Virginia and the independent strength in North Carolina. It seems to forget that Virginia gave its Electoral Vote to General Hancock, and that North Carolina did the same, and that the conditions are even more favorable now for National Democratic success in those States than they were in 1880. It forgets, further, that the heavy Republican vote which Virginia cast for General Garfield is now all torn up and disorganized by the dictatorial conduct of General Mahone, and that as he is opposing all the men who contributed to swell that vote for Garfield, no assurance can be given that a coalition will be formed for the Republican National ticket which will be strong enough to wrest the Electoral Vote of that State from the Democratic nominee. A local triumph over a State issue is one thing, and a victory in a National election quite another. The hostility in Virginia between the regular Republicans and the Mahone followers does not indicate that unity and harmony of action which underlies an enthusiastic campaign. So far as men can judge the conditions are all against Republican success in Virginia next year. North Carolina is even less likely to assist Republican hopes than Virginia, for the independent movement there has signally failed to affect the Democratic strength, and the dominant party there is abundantly able to hold the State to its Democratic anchorage.

In attempting to answer the New York *Tribune* the *Republican* virtually concedes a National Democratic triumph. It says: "It is folly to pretend that the Democratic party is not likely to secure forty-eight Electoral Votes in the North when last year and this it has elected Governors in ten Northern States having one hundred and forty-five Electoral Votes." Being satisfied upon the point, it tries to show that the Republican hope must hang upon Electoral Votes in the South, and names Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and West Virginia as the doubtful States which will seriously interfere with Democratic calculations. So between the New York *Tribune's* judgment of a solid South assured for the Democracy, and the *Republican's* assertion that "it is folly to pretend the Democracy could not get the other forty-eight votes" necessary to elect, the chances of Democratic success are made tolerably clear, and that out of the mouths of political enemies. If the Republican party concedes the Electoral Vote of the South to the Democratic nominee, which is a reasonable conclusion, and the doubt of his getting the other forty-eight votes from the North is declared a "folly," which is equally reasonable, there would not seem to be much use for the Republicans to make a fight. The *Tribune* and the *Republican* are both right in their conclusions. The Democratic nominee *will* get the South, and he will also get the forty-eight votes he needs from the North. It is no wonder that Judge Edmunds declines being a candidate, and that the nomination seems to be going a-begging.—*American Register.*

"Democratic Blundering."

Nothing is more common than the sasumption that the Democrats when in sight of victory always commit some egregious blunder, and thus throw away or destroy their own chances. This assumption is a part of the capital, and one of the favorite weapons, of the Republicans and their allies. No party management is perfect, and it will be confessed without hesitation that the Democratic party has committed many errors, but their long series of defeats may be referred to causes entirely outside of their own organization. Their opponents have all the time possessed the patronage and the powerful vantage ground of the possession and control of the Federal Government and its vast army of office-holders. When danger of defeat and fear of losing the places and patronage of the immense Government machine confronted the Republican party and its dependents, they have generally been able by almost superhuman exertion and the use of nearly unlimited sums of money one way or another, drawn from the public Treasury, to turn the tide and snatch victory from disaster. In every crisis the cry is raised of Democratic blundering. Such was the case in 1872 when Greeley was nominated. Mr. Greeley ought not to have been nominated, but the Whisky Rings and illimitable corruptions of the Grant Administration, its arbitrary exercise of power in many States and the shameless use of the public Treasury were in that unsettled and corrupt period far more potent agencies than any errors of the Democratic party. In 1876 the people had been aroused to the gigantic corruptions of the party in power, and the Federal patronage was less concentrated than it had been before. There was a fairer expression of public sentiment than there had been since 1870. The result was that the country was swept by the Democratic party. No alleged blundering prevented success at the polls that year. In 1880 the Republican party had pulled itself together again. The supple, incapable Hayes was a facile instrument in the hands of his party. The Post-office Department, in the hands of the Dorseys, and Bradys, was made to furnish the millions which had before been stolen by the Whisky Ring; the ballot-box in the doubtful States was corrupted and success purchased with the people's money. Then we heard again the cry of Democratic blundering. The stubborn stand made in Congress against extravagant and profligate appropriations and the refusal to refund the National debt at a needlessly high and wasteful interest were paraded as great blunders, and the country was warned against the Democrats as obstructionists and destructionists. The rational and wise declarations in the National platform in favor of a reformation in the revenue system and a constitutional tariff were declared to be blunders added to blunders. Whatever the Democrats did, either in Congress or in Convention, was ingeniously and adroitly misrepresented and stigmatized as great and criminal wrongs. In the meantime the country was dominated, corrupted or bought by the aid of the public Treasury, and the army of office-holders, State and Federal. Democratic blunders have been the least potent of the factors in the disastrous Presidential campaigns in the past. Between 1872 and 1876 the Whisky Rings were exposed and measurably overthrown, and through the soured temper of Grant concentration of patronage partially thwarted. The result was a popular triumph at the polls. Since 1880 the post-office frauds, then so rank and fruitful of slush, have been exposed and a partial check put upon the use and abuse of the office-holding power. Public sentiment has been quickened and enlightened. The result is the scales are inclining everywhere in favor of the Democratic party, and the signs of the times are too plain to be mistaken that a complete triumph in 1884 will crown the efforts of next year. Whatever the Democrats may do, or fail to do, on all great questions will be decried as great blunders, but the strengthening of their own power in several important States and the decline in the resources of their opponents tend to the same end. Events and facts such as these are far more significant than stale partisan assumptions.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Harmful Position.

The *Tribune* is the recognized organ of the Republican party. As such it declares that the continuance of the Republicans in power is necessary to the commercial and financial interests of the country. We are told that since the Democrats obtained victories which gave promise of the election of a Democratic President "it has been impossible to restore the confidence which is requisite to the prosperity of industry and trade. Capital has been unwilling to commit itself to new undertakings: Securities have gone begging for lack of investors. Almost every commercial or financial interest has felt the change."

The *Tribune* tells us how this condition of affairs may be reversed: "It is possible that this year a reversal of the popular verdict may start a genuine and lasting revival of confidence, with incalculably beneficial results to all business interests."

The position taken by the *Tribune* is more harmful to capital and more dangerous than all the ravings of Communism.

Can it be true that capital persuades itself that the supremacy of one particular political party is necessary to its safety? If so, it surely will be ready to use its power remorselessly, unscrupulously, to defeat the attempt of any other party to supersede it. If so, it will for self-protection pour out its money to defeat the popular will and control the result of elections.

This means a reversal of the form of Government established by the fathers of the Republic.

They decided that a majority of the people should rule, all citizens being equal in their enjoyment of civil and political rights.

But if capital believes that one party—a minority party—is necessary to its own preservation, it will use the almighty power of money to crush the majority and to keep the minority in power.

Is this the reason the majority of the people were disfranchised in 1876 by the fraudulent inauguration of a President defeated by the people? Is this the reason Garfield and Arthur were elected by purchase in 1880?—*N. Y. World.*

Triumph Over Partisan Degradation.

The Democratic victory in Ohio is truly glorious. Hoadly's majority is at least from 12,000 to 14,000, with a Democratic majority in the Legislature of twenty-four—on joint ballot. This is a decided triumph of the cause of popular government over misrule and partisan degradation. The people are beginning to understand this pseudo-Republican party, the controlling elements of which are against popular government. It obtained power, and has kept itself in power by falsehood and fraud, and deceiving and misleading the people. And the wrongs it has committed, and its gross violation of the Constitution and abuses of power have been covered up and disguised from public observation, but they will now be brought to the light. And fifty years hence the people will look back in perfect amazement at the manner in which the country has been humbugged, deceived, misled and imposed on by the leaders of this most perfidious and grossly dishonest political party, which has placed partisan ascendancy, power and aggrandizement above the Constitution, the Union, and most sacred pledges of the public faith. The high-handed wrongs it has committed, its flagrant abuse of power, and its frauds and schemes of corruption and plunder, which have heretofore only incidentally cropped out occasionally in such affairs as the Star Route swindle, the Salary Grab law, the Credit Mobilier bribery and fraud, etc., will all appear in their naked deformity in the course of time.

Ohio is a great State, rich in its resources, flourishing in all branches of productive industry, and growing in all the elements of prosperity and greatness. All the people need to insure their grand future is good government. And in Judge Hoadly they will find a competent, ready and efficient public officer in the protection of their rights and in fostering their great and growing interests.—*Washington Post.*

—Indians who do not wear hats are never bald-headed, unless they are scalped.